

AMAZING MAN

MINIMIDGET

CHUCK HARDY

THE SHARK

MIGHTY MAN

IRON SKULL

No. 10

MAR.
10c.

AMAZING-MAN COMICS



AMAZED VILLAGERS SAW AMAN TOSS HUGE
BOULDERS ASIDE TO OPEN THE SECRET PASSAGE



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AMAN

the

BY
Bill
Evers

MAKING HIS ESCAPE FROM AN UNDERGROUND HOSPITAL ON THE FRONT LINES OF ONE OF THE WARRING NATIONS, A MAN STOWS AWAY ON A HUGE BOMBER HEADING EASTWARD.

— NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY —

A MAN STEALS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE INTO THE PILOT'S COCKPIT, AND STOPS LISTENING.

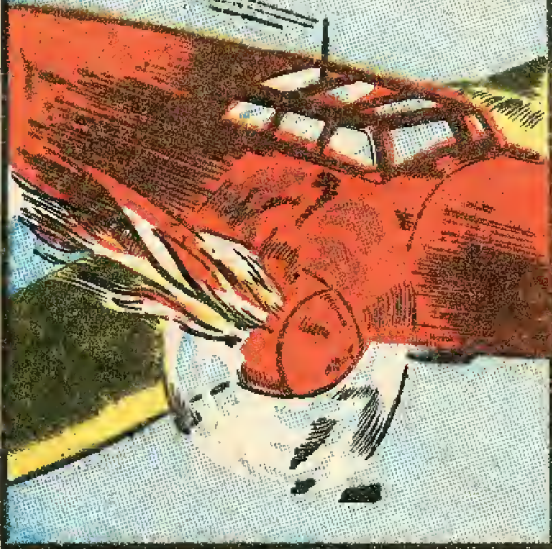
IT IS TOO
BAD WE CAN'T
GET HOME
PAUL!

IT'S A
LONG TIME
SINCE WE'VE
BEEN HOME!

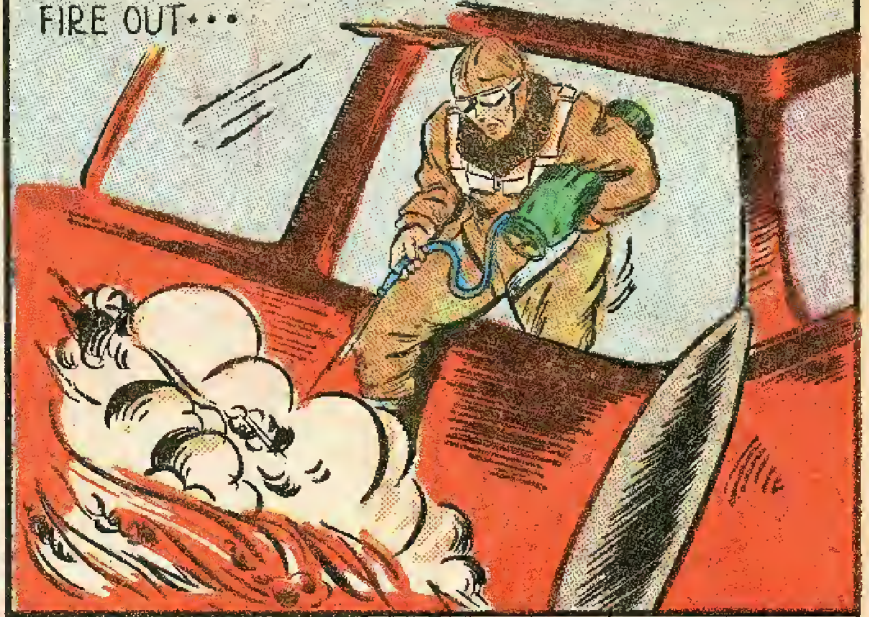
BUT WE MUST GO DUE
EAST FIRST—WE ARE TO
PICK UP OUR FAMOUS
PASSENGER THERE

AND THEN ON TO OUR
SECRET MISSION, EH
PAUL?

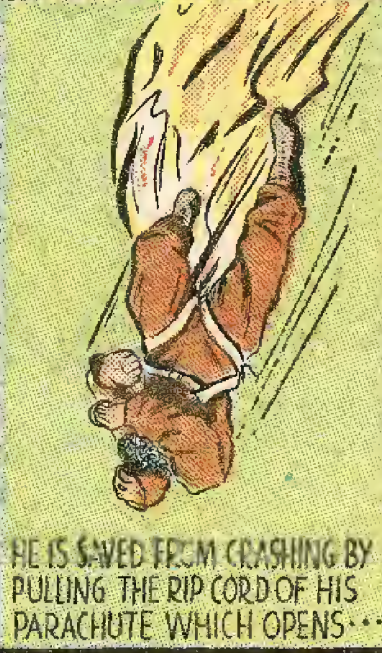
THE PLANE'S STARBOARD MOTOR
CATCHES ON FIRE-



THE OBSERVER GOES OUT ON THE WING TO PUT THE
FIRE OUT...



... HE LOSES HIS FOOTING ON
THE SLIPPERY SURFACE AND FALLS
INTO SPACE!



HE IS SAVED FROM CRASHING BY
PULLING THE RIP CORD OF HIS
PARACHUTE WHICH OPENS...

THE FLAMES BEGIN ATTACKING
THE INTERIOR OF THE PLANE...



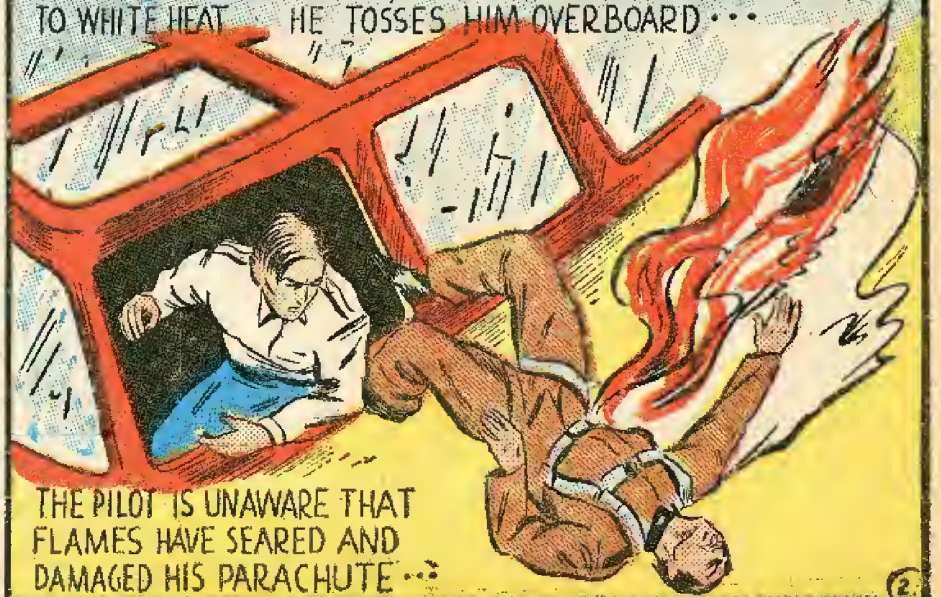
THE HORROR-STRICKEN PILOT THROWS
THE PLANE INTO A POWER DIVE WITH
THE IDEA OF FANNING OUT THE FIRE..

AMAN, UNAFFECTED BY INTENSE HEAT,
REALIZES THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE
SITUATION, AND...

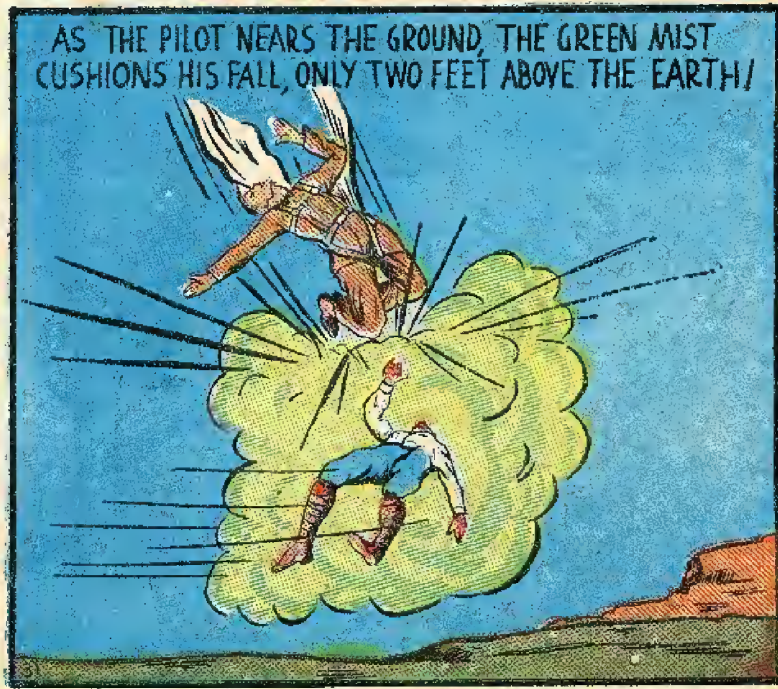
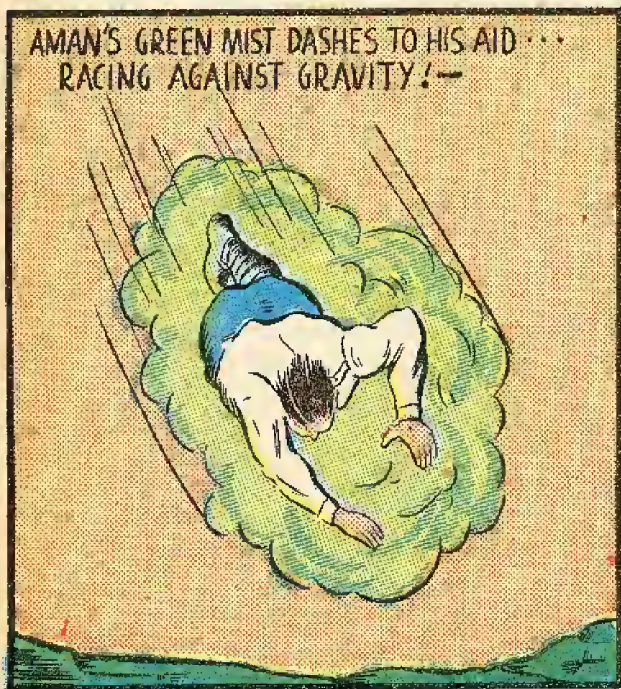
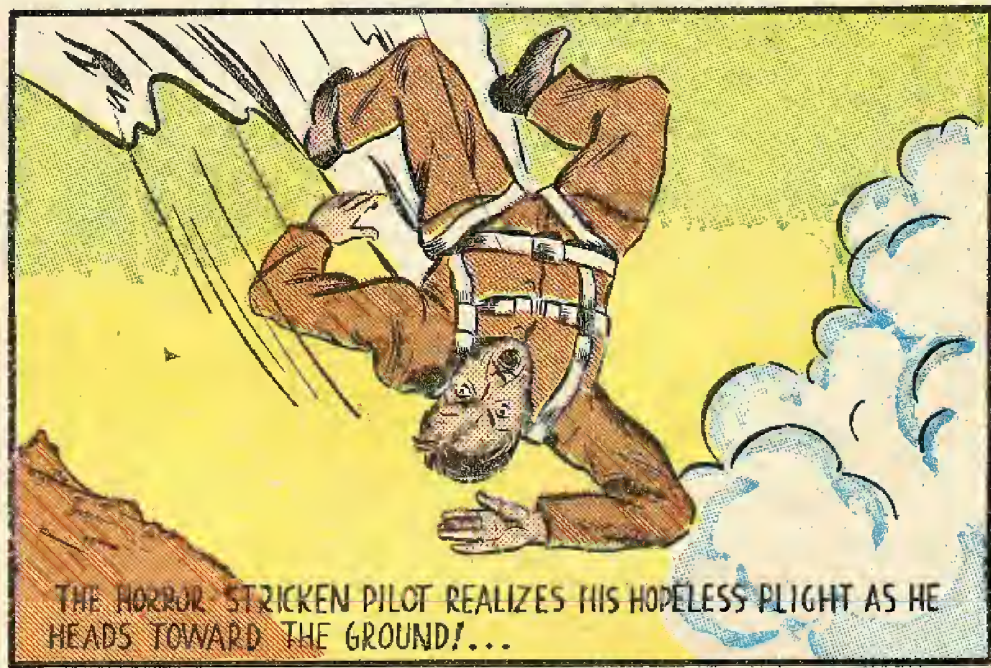
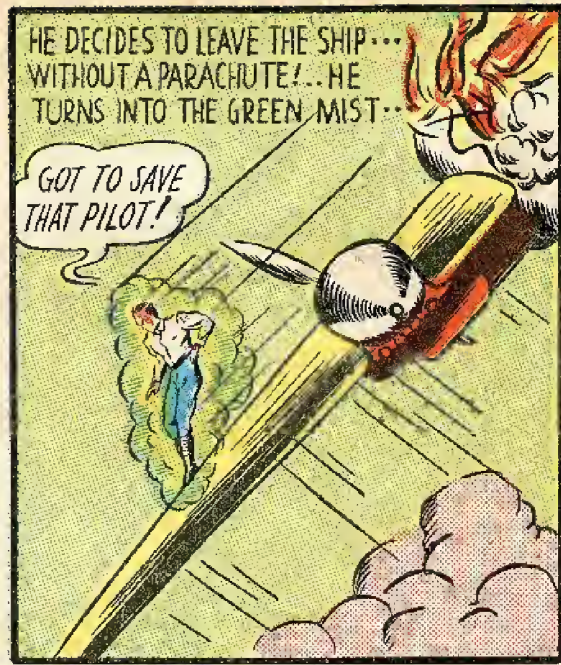


...TAKES OVER CONTROL OF THE PLANE
FROM THE FAINTING PILOT..

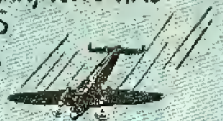
AMAN KNOWS THAT THE PILOT CANNOT STAY IN THE SUPER-
HEATED SHIP MUCH LONGER, WITH THE FLAMES NOW FANNED
TO WHITE HEAT HE TOSSES HIM OVERBOARD...



THE PILOT IS UNAWARE THAT
FLAMES HAVE SEARED AND
DAMAGED HIS PARACHUTE...



THE AMAZED PILOT THANKS AMAN, WHO HAS RESUMED HIS REGULAR SHAPE, AS AMAN GAZES ALOFT AND SEES THE SHIP AFIRE COMING DOWN TOWARD THEM.



ACCEPT MY HEARTFELT THANKS, STRANGER

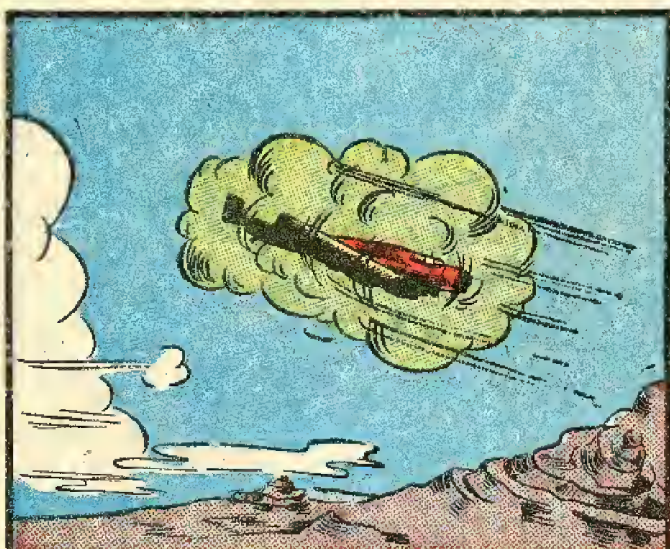


HE NEEDS THE SHIP AND WANTS TO PREVENT IT'S DESTRUCTION.

I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT SHIP BEFORE IT CRASHES!



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, AMAN NEARS THE SHIP IN MIDAIR.



AMAN, IN THE FORM OF THE GREEN MIST, ENVELOPES THE SHIP ACTING AS A SMOTHERING CLOUD THAT PUTS OUT THE FIRE!



RACING AGAINST TIME AND SPEED, AMAN GETS AT THE CONTROLS AND WITH A SUPER-HUMAN EFFORT PULLS THE SHIP OUT OF IT'S DOWNWARD PLUNGE TOWARD DESTRUCTION AND — — — — —

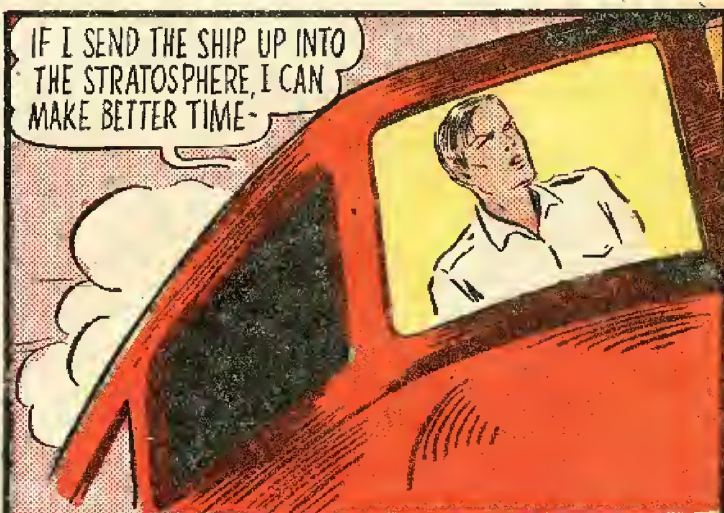
FROM THE GROUND, WAY BELOW THE PILOT AND OBSERVER SEE THE APPARENT MIRACLE, AND THE SHIP HEADING EAST.



LOOK, PAUL - IT'S A MIRACLE! THE SHIP IS FLYING!



IF I SEND THE SHIP UP INTO THE STRATOSPHERE, I CAN MAKE BETTER TIME -



AMAN SENDS THE FAST BOMBER INTO STRATOSPHERE, WHERE HE KNOWS HE CAN ACHIEVE TERRIFIC SPEED, AND WHERE, THOUGH THE AIR IS RARER, HE A SUPER-HUMAN, CAN WITHSTAND IT.

HASTILY GLANCING AT THE COMPLICATED INSTRUMENT BOARD IN FRONT OF HIM, AMAN WHO FLIES BY INSTINCT TAKES IN THE WHOLE INFORMATION IT CONVEYS AS TO...



...SPEED HEIGHT AIR PRESSURE, ETC. HE HEADS THE SHIP ALMOST DUE EAST, IN THE SUN.. FORTIBET AND THE GREAT QUESTION, WHO IS CALLING HIM...

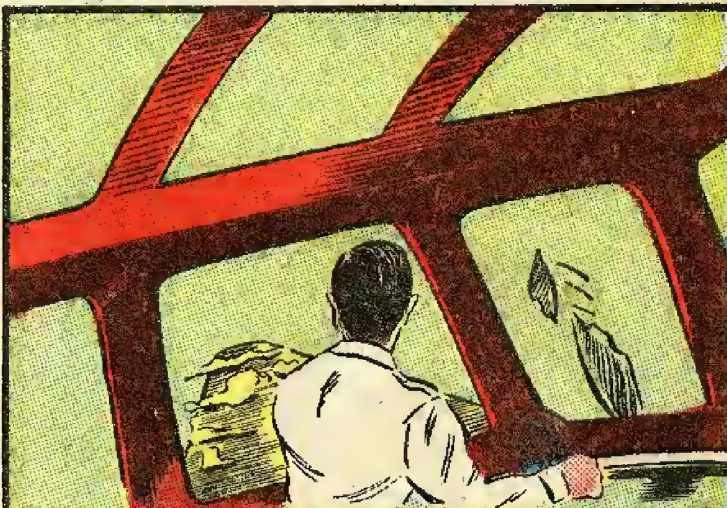
AS HIS PLANE RACES THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE, AMAN NOTICES ICE FORMING ON THE WINGS OF THE PLANE AT AN ALARMING RATE!



NOW THE CONTROLS ARE FROZEN!

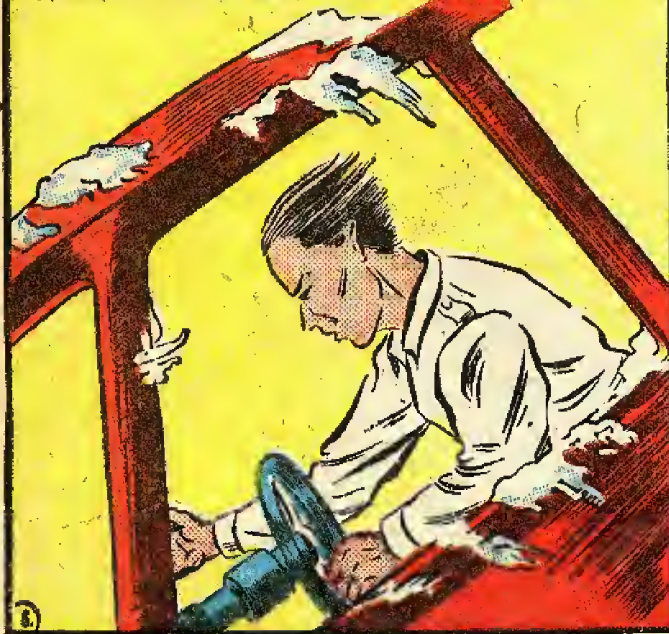


AMAN FINDS THAT HIS SHIP GETTING HEAVIER DOESN'T RESPOND TO THE CONTROLS, WHICH ARE GETTING FROZEN, ALSO! HIS STRENGTH IS TO NO AVAIL, AS IT WOULD SNAP THE CONTROLS, CAUGHT IN THE ICY GRIP AND RENDER THE SHIP USELESS...



AMAN REALIZES HIS PREDICAMENT AS THE ICE SHEATHES THE WINGS OF HIS MOTOR, AND THE BLADES OF THE PROPELLERS! HE DECIDES TO SHAKE OFF THIS ANNOYING INTERRUPTION TO HIS FAST TRAVEL, AND...

THROWS THE SHIP INTO A POWERFUL DIVE AND...



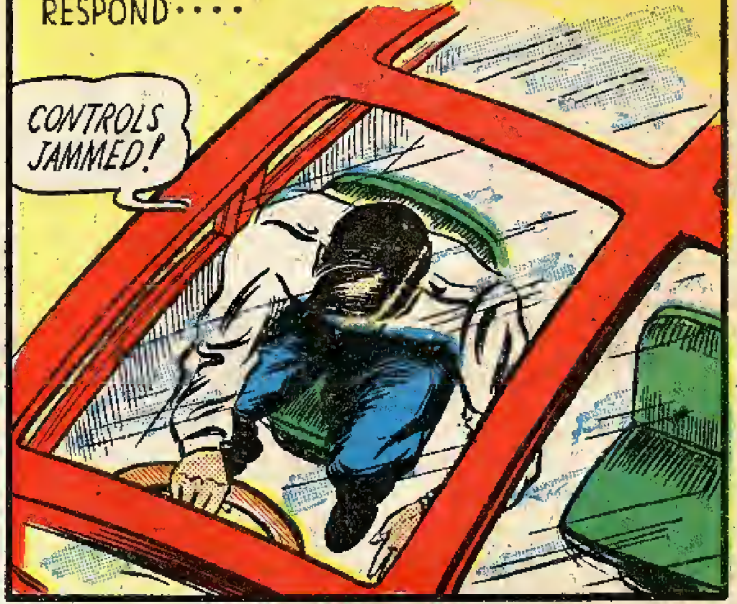
OPENS THE MOTORS FULL, RACES DOWN TOWARD THE EARTH FROM THE STRATOSPHERE 35 MILES UP, AT THE RATE OF A MILE A SECOND!!!

AFTER A FEW SECONDS OF TERRIFIC SPEED DOWNWARD, THE HEAT OF FRICTION MELTS THE ICE OFF OF THE WINGS OF THE PLANE.



TRYING THE CONTROLS ONCE MORE, WHICH DO NOT RESPOND.....

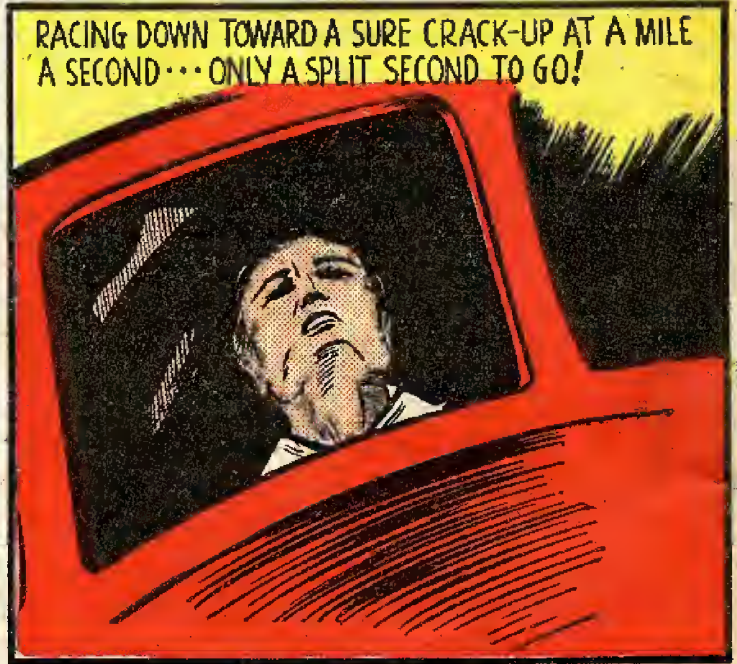
CONTROLS
JAMMED!



AMAN TRIES DESPERATELY TO LEVEL OFF, BUT THE CONTROLS STICK!



RACING DOWN TOWARD A SURE CRACK-UP AT A MILE A SECOND... ONLY A SPLIT SECOND TO GO!

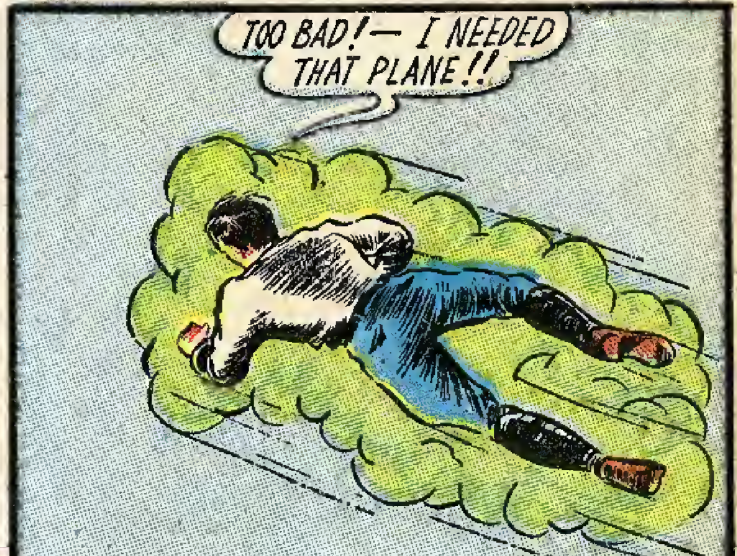


- GOT TO LEAVE
THE SHIP, NOW!

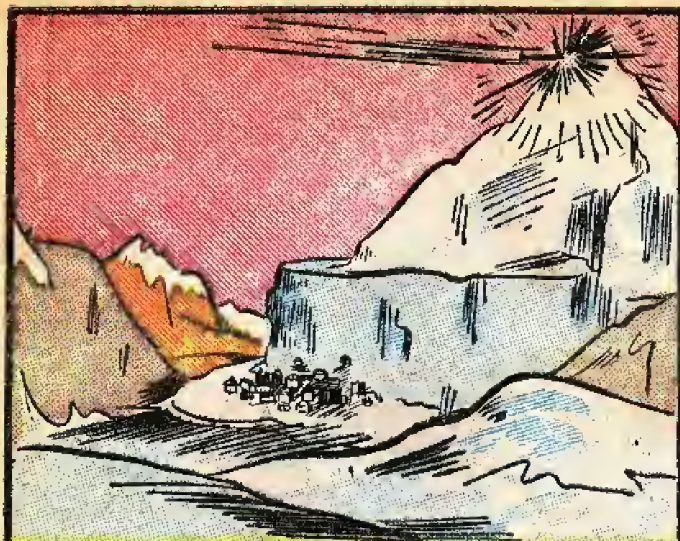


AT THIS TERRIFIC PACE, THE SHIP, NOT BUILT TO WITHSTAND SUCH PRESSURE, LOSES A WING THEN THE PROPS BEGIN SPLITTING TO PIECES, AND THE TAIL GOES...

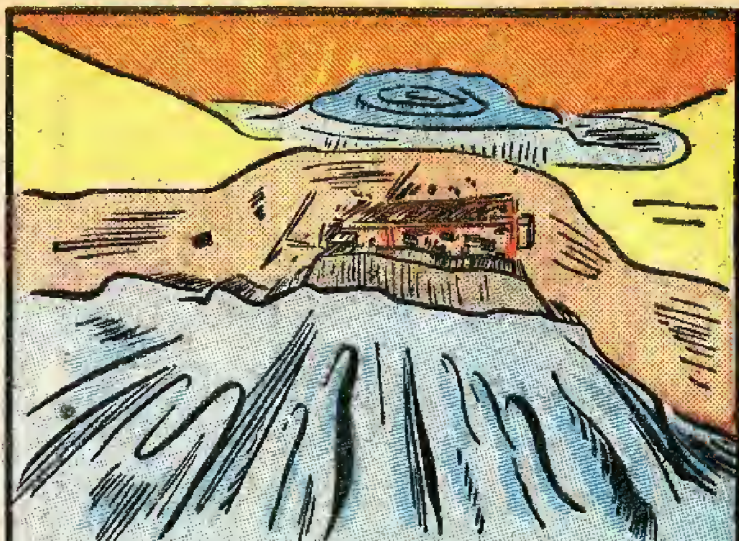
TOO BAD! — I NEEDED
THAT PLANE!!



AMAN, REALIZING HIS PLIGHT, LEAVES THE CAREENING WRECK IN THE FORM OF THE GREEN MIST...



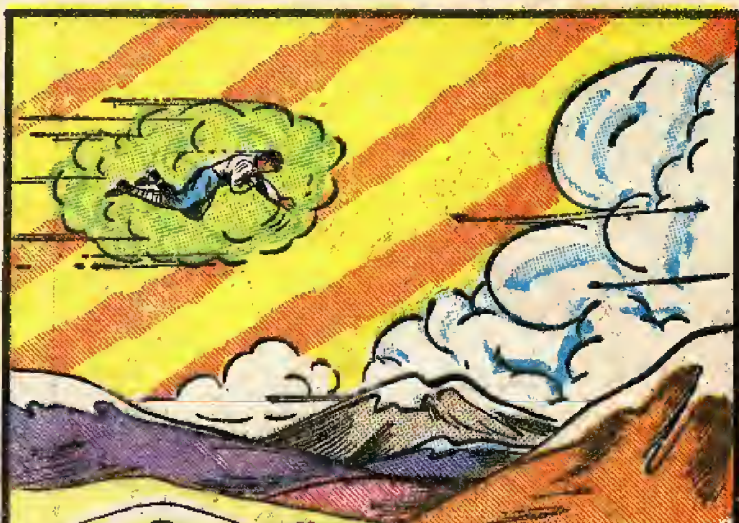
AMAN SEES THE PLANE LITERALLY EXPLODE AGAINST THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN AT THE BASE OF WHICH A TINY VILLAGE NESTLES...



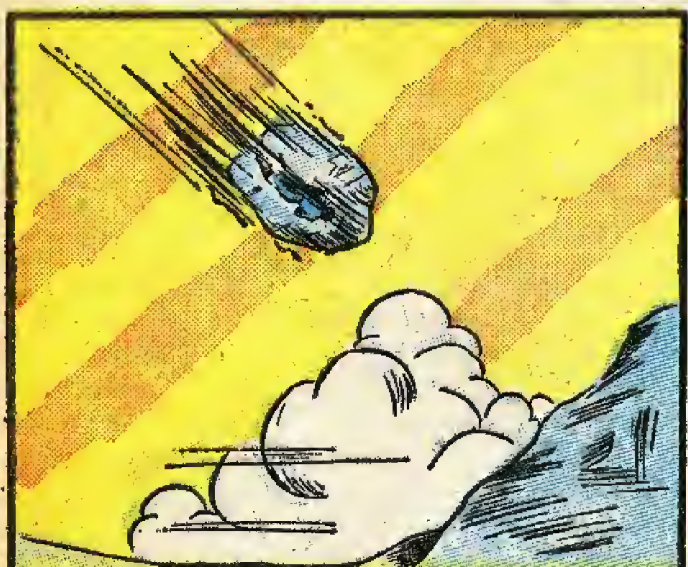
THE IMPACT OF THE PLANE AGAINST THE SNOWY TOP, STARTS A DREADED AVALANCHE BALL, HIGH UP... IT HEADS FOR THE HELPLESS VILLAGE



THE VILLAGERS, SEEING THE AVALANCHE FORMING, AND THUNDERING DOWN TOWARD THEM, BEGIN RUNNING FOR COVER.



AMAN SENSES THE DANGER, WHICH HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR...HE WANTS TO PREVENT THE IMPENDING DISASTER!...



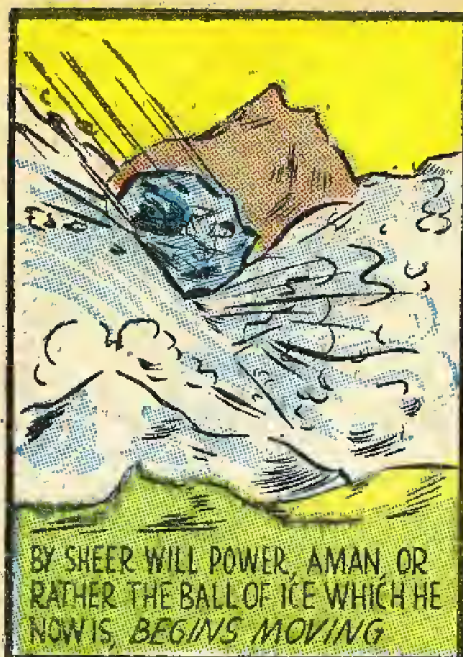
IN HIS MISTY CLOAK, HE DESCENDS TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN TOP BUT THE INTENSE COLD TURNS THE MIST INTO ICE !!!



GOOD GRIEF!-I'M TURNING TO ICE!

⑦

AMAN FROZEN--- HOW CAN HE HELP THE VILLAGERS?



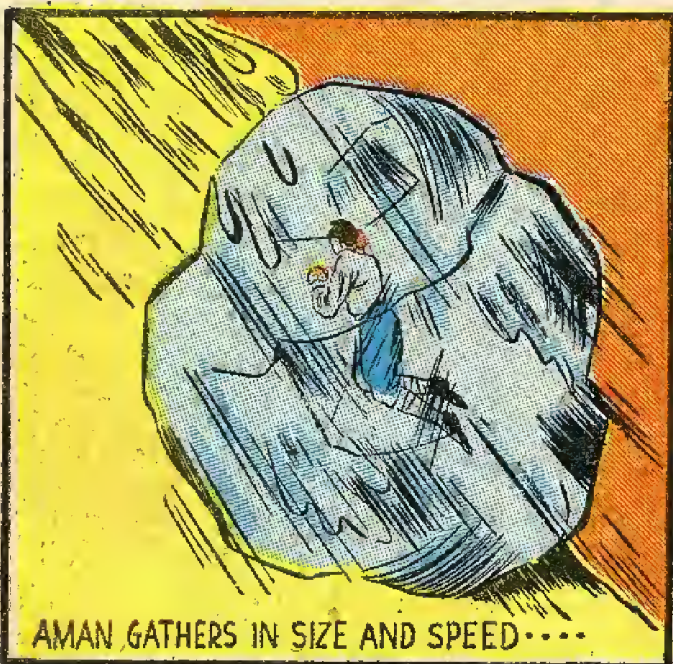
BY SHEER WILL POWER, AMAN, OR RATHER THE BALL OF ICE WHICH HE NOW IS, *BEGINS MOVING*



GATHERING MOMENTUM ON HIS DOWNWARD PLUNGE, AMAN STARTS ROLLING UPWARDS TO MEET THE AVALANCHE



THE VILLAGERS GAPE STARTLED AT THE STRANGE THING THEY SEE A HUGE BALL OF ICE GOING UP-HILL AT A TERRIFIC PACE TO MEET THE AVALANCHE.



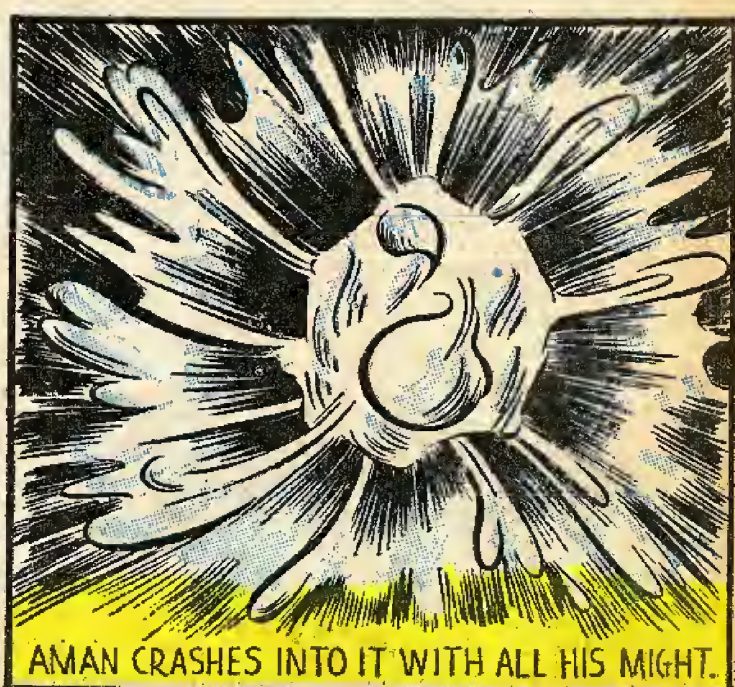
AMAN GATHERS IN SIZE AND SPEED.....



THE IRRESISTIBLE BODIES ARE HEADING FOR EACH OTHER AT BREAKNECK PACE!



JUST AS THE AVALANCHE, ENORMOUS IN SIZE AS COMPARED TO AMAN IN ICE, IS ABOUT TO TUMBLE OVER THE LEDGE ONTO THE VILLAGE...



AMAN CRASHES INTO IT WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.

TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE VILLAGERS, A FORM APPEARS AS THE HUGE BANK OF SNOW AND ICE, SMASHED TO PIECES, BEGINS TO MELT...

GLAD TO COME OUT OF IT!



IT IS AMAN. ONCE MORE FREE, AND A HUMAN FORM.

AH... THE VILLAGERS!



THIS MIRACLE-NEVER HAS THIS BEEN SEEN BY EYES OF MAN!

STRANGE MAN~ YOU SAVED US... OUR HOMES... HOW CAN WE REPAY YOU?



THE VILLAGERS, LOOKING UPON HIM IN WONDERMENT, THANK HIM FOR SAVING THEIR WHOLE VILLAGE.

WHERE IN THE WORLD AM I?

YOU ARE STRANDED -BUT AMONG FRIENDS!



YOU ARE IN, THE VILLAGE OF KAHAR, IN AN ALMOST UNKNOWN REGION IN CENTRAL ASIA, ON A HIGH PLATEAU NEAR THE HIMALAYAS.

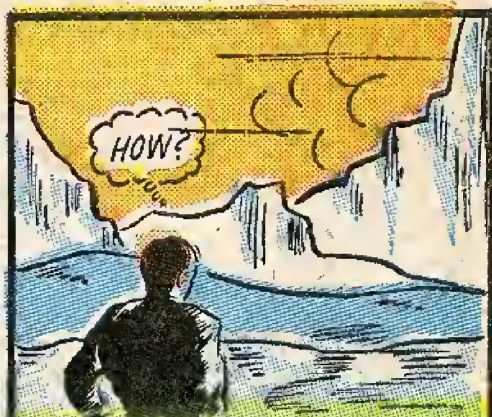


YOU MUST RETURN AT ONCE TO TIBET...

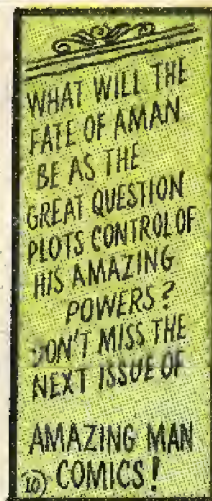
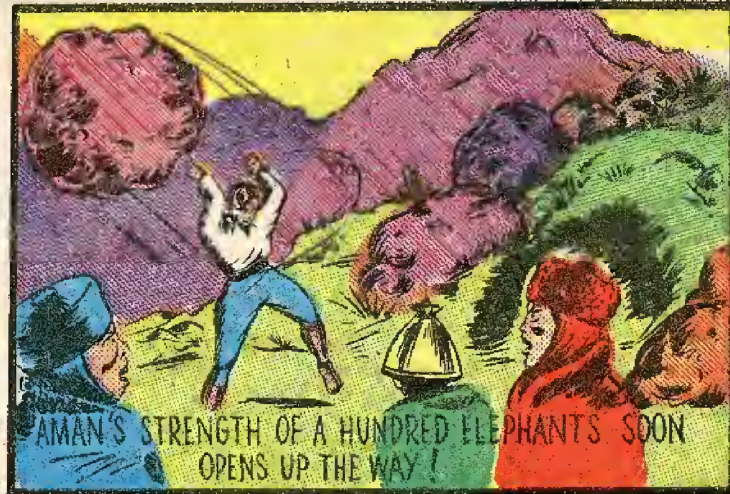
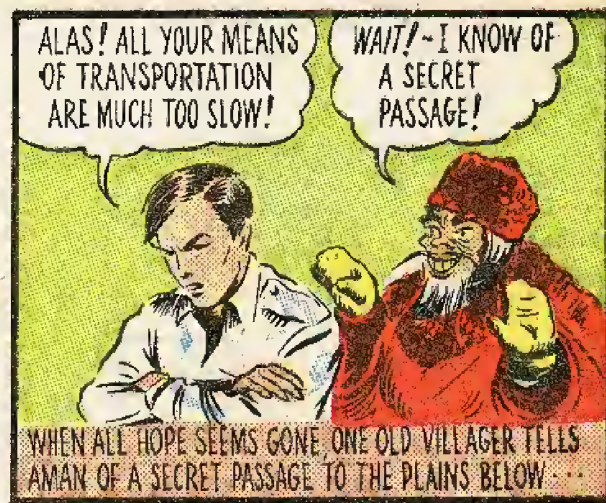
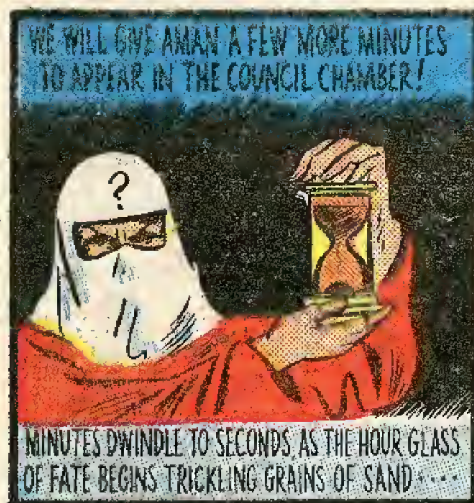
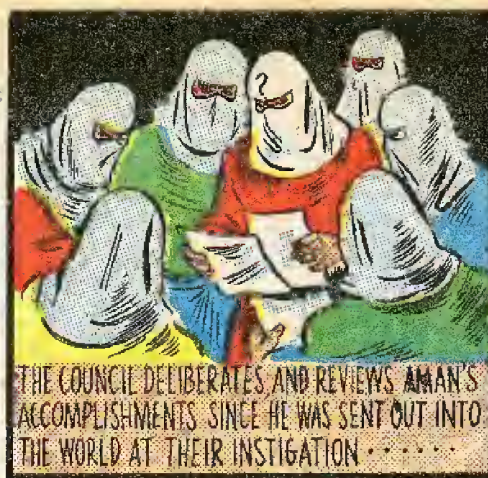
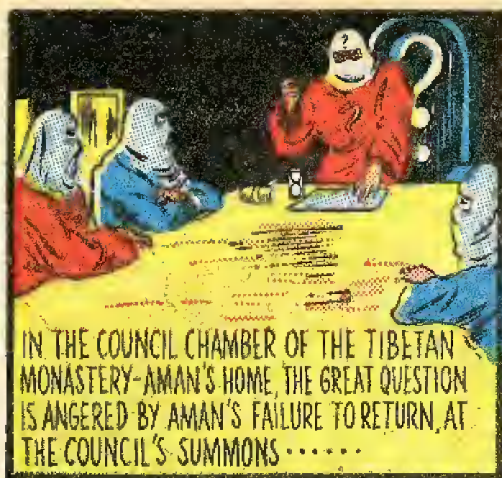


AMAN ONCE AGAIN HEEDS THE CALL TO GET BACK TO TIBET, TO FACE THE GREAT QUESTION

HOW?



HOW IS HE TO GET TO THE GREAT QUESTION'S HEADQUARTERS? AN ENORMOUS RANGE OF IMPASSABLE MOUNTAINS RING THE WHOLE HORIZON, AND HIS PLANE IS DESTROYED. THERE ARE NO MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION, AND THE ROADS ARE DIFFICULT AND HARD.



Aman, The Boy, In THE TEST OF THE STOLEN RECORDS

By Lane Browne



AMAN sat on the cliff edge, swinging his legs and gazing down the sheer wall that dropped to the Green Valley.

Aman felt strong and powerful this morning. Since birth he had lived with the Tibetan monks and during those twelve years he had developed amazing strength, and was even now learning to resist pain. He longed for an opportunity to test his strength in some unusual way.

Behind him appeared a cloaked and hooded figure—the sinister form of The Great Question. Reading Aman's mind by his telepathic powers, The Great Question knew this

was his opportunity to begin experiments with the boy.

"Look down, Aman", he commanded. "Below you is a creature in distress."

Obedying the mental command, Aman, with his keenly developed vision, saw an injured traveler in the Hidden Pass.

"I must go down", thought Aman. "But I am not permitted to leave the Lamasery."

"Go down", repeated The Great Question, grinning maliciously behind the lad's back. "This is your first chance to help a creature in distress."

Aman stood up. In a moment he was soaring over the Green Valley. With a downward sweep he reached a slender pinnacle a mile below. Grasping this, he paused a moment to look up at the sheer wall above, elated at his accomplishment.

Making another bound, he was in the Hidden Pass and beside the injured man. The stricken porter, lying beside a huge iron box, turned glazed eyes on Aman. "I am dying", he said. "Take this box to Chang La, at the Taoist Temple." His body quivered and he was still.

Aman was shaken. He had never seen a man die. And he vaguely remembered that the Taoist Temple was the home of rebellious monks. Confused and troubled, Aman decided to return, when again he heard the voice.

"Deliver the box, Aman, and win your reward."

"Who are you?" called the boy.

"I am The Great Question. Obey me!"

And such was the power of the voice that Aman stooped to shoulder the box. With a bound he was off to the north where the Taoist Temple lay.

ARRIVING at a point under the Temple buildings, Aman considered the sheer cliff on which they stood. Not yet sure of his power to make so steep a bound, he decided to take the path upward a little way. Soon he saw ahead of him two peasants from the Valley and called to them to let him pass. Turning, they gazed in astonishment at the slight lad and his burden.

Seeing the strong box, one of the men craftily barred the way. "Where goest thou?" he asked.

"To Chang La at the Temple", answered Aman.

"The way is steep and long", said the peasant. "We will help you carry your burden."

"It is not heavy", replied Aman. "Let me pass."

"In the box will be treasure", said the man to his companion. "He is but a youth and easily overpowered."

Hurling themselves on the boy, they were met by his amazing strength. Swinging the heavy box over their heads Aman brought it down on them, crushing them to earth!

As it came down the box struck the rock wall, springing the lock. The lid flew open, striking Aman an ugly blow on the forehead and stunning him for a moment. As his brain cleared the pain in his head became acute; blood flowed over his eyes, and a dizziness crept over him. With a supreme effort of will he recalled his lessons in the mastery of pain, and in a moment he stood erect and alert.

FINDING the trunk open, he stooped to close it — and gasped with astonishment when he saw its contents. There, on top of many papers, lay the secret map of the Tibetan Mountains, and the Manual of Codes! These were the private papers of the Grand Lama, seen only by The Council and kept in a secret place.

"The dead porter must have been a thief", thought Aman; "and I was taking these to the rebel monks! What shall I do?" groaned the lad.

"Go to the Temple", came the mysterious voice. "Deliver the box."

But now, understanding the evil purpose of that commanding voice, Aman resisted with all the trained force of his will. Pausing only long enough to wipe the blood from his eyes and ignoring the pain tearing at his temples, he picked up the box, and bounded off for home. Reaching the foot of the cliff sheering up to the Lamasery, Aman stopped. He was young, and he was tired. A little rest and then he would attempt to scale that high and impassable wall.

In a moment he prepared for the bound, when he heard Nika's voice behind him.

"My son, you have returned!" called Nika.

"Oh, Nika!" cried the boy. "This box — I must take it to the Grand Lama at once."

"The stolen records!" exclaimed Nika. "Where did you find them, lad?"

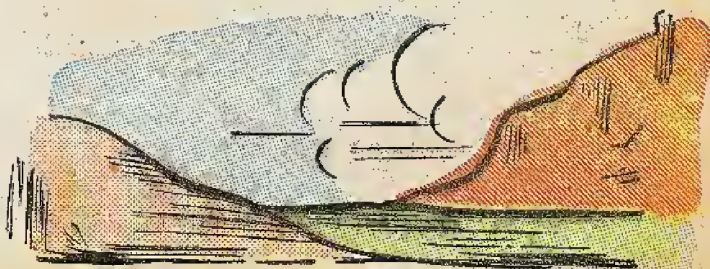
"Take me to the Grand Lama", begged Aman. "Let me confess and take my punishment."

IN the presence of the Grand Lama and The Council, Aman awaited their verdict in the silence that followed his story. The Grand Lama spoke. "This boy of our adoption has learned much from this experience. But rigid obedience is our first and all-important law. I leave the decision to The Council."

With stern eyes the six Lamas looked upon Aman as their spokesman rose. "All other lessons Aman has learned well", he said. "He has proved equal to the tests he met today. So, because of his service in restoring our records, we absolve him from punishment."

And the amazing boy, speechless with relief and gratitude, was led away by Nika.

THE END



AMAZING-MAN

COMICS



1934 (1935)

NUMBER 1

1000000

AMAZING-MAN

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By Bill Zerkoff

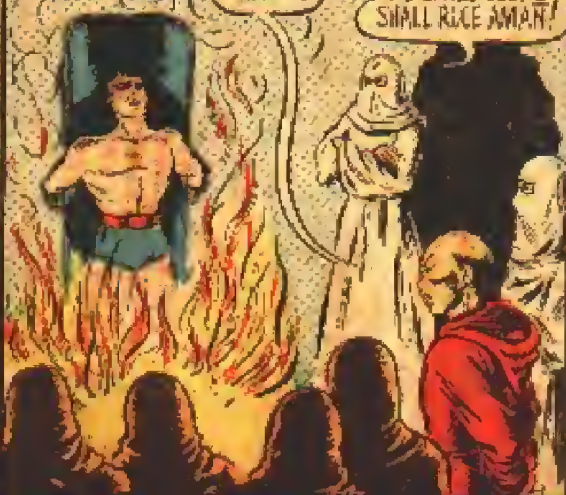
PURIFICATION!

-THE NEW AMAZING-MAN-
AFTER SIX MONTHS IN THE OUTER WORLD,
AMAN IS SUMMONED BY THE 'COUNCIL OF
SEVEN' - PURIFIED BY FIRE, HE WILL GO
FORTH A NEW MAN, DEVOID OF ALL EVIL
EMOTIONS - BUT THE 'GREAT QUESTION'
IS DETERMINED TO RULE HIM FOR HIS OWN
EVIL MOTIVES - THE OTHER SIX COUNCILMEN
ARE JUST AS DETERMINED THAT HE SHALL
WORK FOR GOOD - WHAT WILL HAPPEN?



AMAN, YOU HAVE NOT BEEN PERFECT - YOU HAVE MIXED
IN WARS, AND COMMITTED OTHER SINS - HENCEFORTH
FIGHT ONLY FOR PEACE, JUSTICE, AND
RIGHT!

WE SHALL SEE! I
SHALL REDEEM AMAN!



AMAN, YOU HAVE STOOD THE TEST - THE PURIFICATION
BY FIRE - NOW, WHERE WOULD YOU
LIKE TO RENEW YOUR WORK?





AMAN LEAVES THE COUNCIL OF SEVEN AND GOES TO HIS QUARTERS IN THE MONASTERY WHERE HE CHANGES INTO CIVILIAN CLOTHES AND PREPARES FOR HIS JOURNEY TO AMERICA - AN HOUR LATER HE IS IN HIS SUPER-MODERN PLANE -



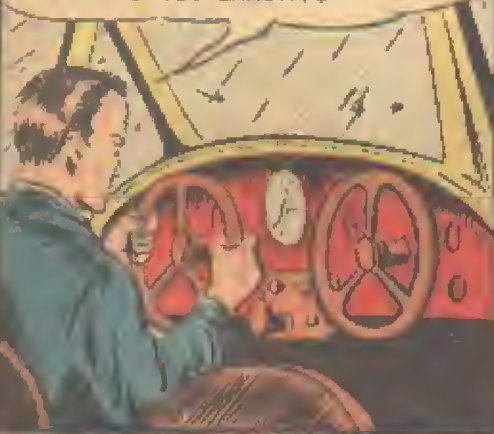
AT LAST! BACK TO AMERICA!

DAYS LATER AFTER A TEDIOUS TRIP.

THESE HEADWINDS HAVE THROWN ME OFF MY COURSE - SLOWED ME UP - NO TELLING WHERE I AM NOW - PROBABLY OVER LOUISIANA!



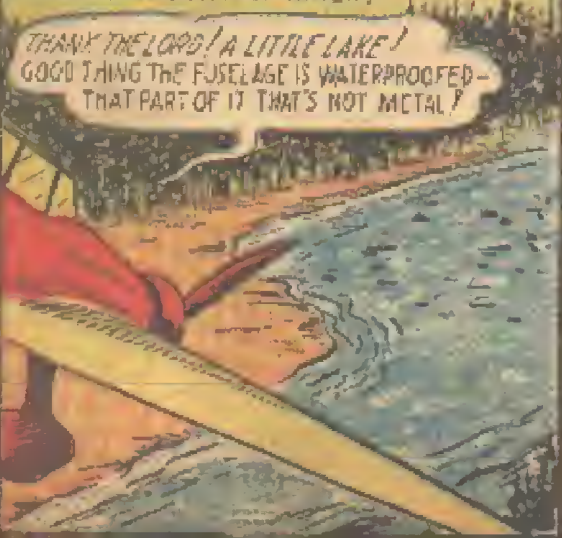
GOODNIGHT! JUST AS I THOUGHT THE GAS IS RUNNING OUT, AND I'M MILES FROM CIVILIZATION! WELL - HERE GOES FOR A FORCED LANDING!



THE LITTLE SHIP NOSES DOWN OVER A DENSE FOREST - PROP STILL - HELPLESSLY GLIDING TOWARD EARTH

THEN - A SMALL STRIP OF WATER!

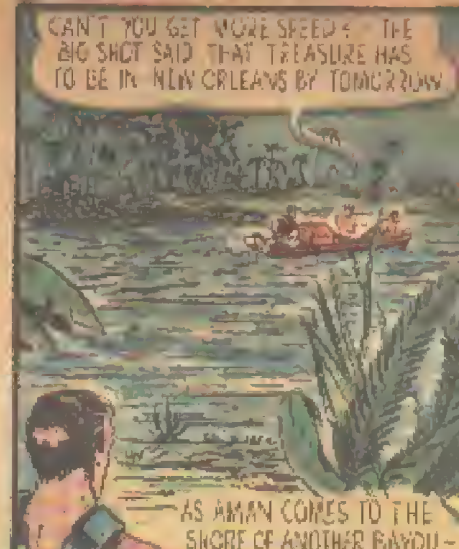
THANK THE LORD! A LITTLE LAKE! GOOD THING THE FUSELAGE IS WATERPROOFED - THAT PART OF IT THAT'S NOT METAL!



AMAN PLUNGES HIS PLANE INTO THE SHALLOW LAKE AND STEPS OUT REMOVING HIS OUTER GARMENTS - TO APPEAR IN HIS TIBETAN UNIFORM

THIS MUST BE ONE OF THE LOST BAYOUS OF LOUISIANA





HERE'S TO THE RICH LIFE, ZADDIES!
THE TREASURE'S SOLD TO A FOREIGNER,
BUT WE GET AMERICAN MONEY!



IN THE CRUMBLING GRAND DINING HALL OF THE OLD CASTLE, SLICK AND
GARLOCK JOIN THE REST OF THE MOTLEY PIRATE CREW...

EASY TO SCALE
THIS WALL -
IF THE WIRE
DOESN'T
BREAK!



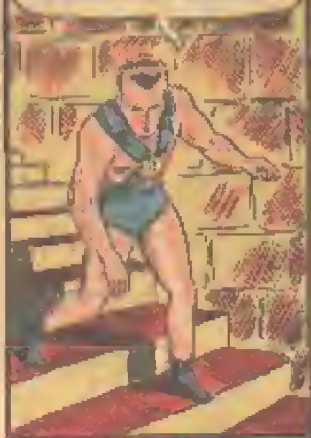
AND OUTSIDE, AMAN FOLLOWS, CLIMBING
OVER THE DECREPT WALL

WHILE THEY'RE EATING, I'LL TAKE A
LOOK FOR THAT GIRL - I MUST SAVE
HER FROM THESE KILLERS!



INSIDE, IN A DARK, MUSTY GALLERY,
AMAN LOOKS DOWN ON THE FEAST...

THERE SEEMS TO BE A WEIRD
SORT OF MOANING AND
GROWLING COMING FROM
THE BASE OF THIS STAIRWAY...



HELLO! - WHO'S
THERE?

SAY! - THAT MUST
BE THE GIRL!



I'M A FRIEND, YOUNG LADY - I WANT
TO HELP YOU - WHERE ARE YOU?



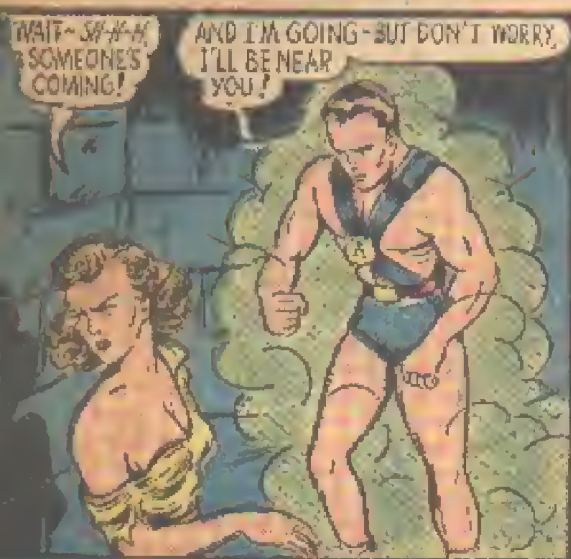
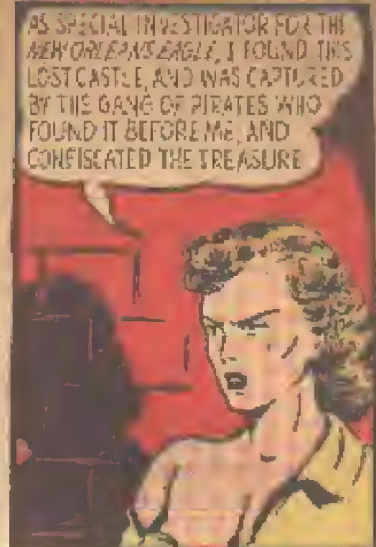
I'M IN THE TREASURE CHAMBER -
BUT YOU CAN'T REACH ME - NO ONE
CAN FACE THOSE PANTHERS BUT
GARLOCK, THE LEADER OF THE
GANG, HERE -



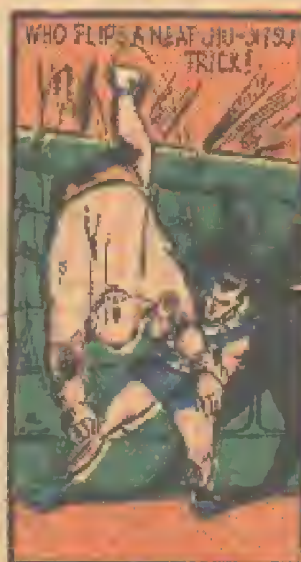
THAT'S EASY - HERE I COME!

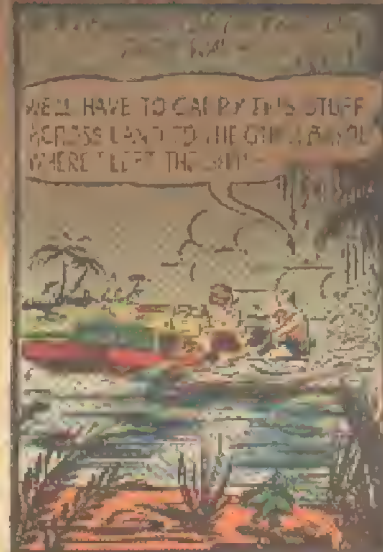


AMAN SUDDENLY BECOMES THE GREEN
ARIST!









IN THE SPACE OF A FEW MINUTES AMAN HAS TOWNED THE SHIP ONTO LAND IN A STRIP BOAT IN THE BAYOU, AND HAS LOADED AND REFUELED IT- HE JUMPS INTO THE COCKPIT AND GIVES IT THE GUN

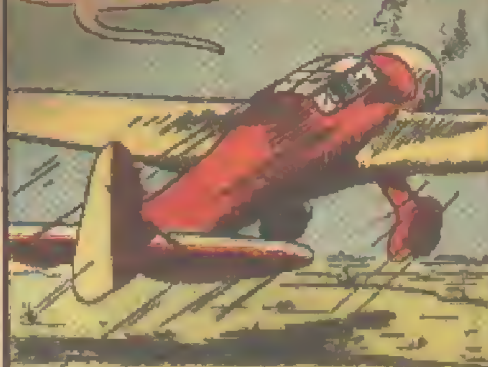
WHERE TO NOW, P-PAL?

WELL, I TELL THAT 'PPL' BUSINESS!



A LITTLE FISHING AND THE FOUNTAIN, MOON, ROCK, AND...

WELL, FIRST WE SET DOWN IN NEW ORLEANS, TO TURN THE TREASURE OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES - THEN YOU GO HOME FOR A REST... BUT I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN LATER -



AND SHE WINGS HER WAY TO THE SKY -

YOU'RE ON, MASTER! LET'S SHAKE ON IT - BUT YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME YOUR NAME YET -

JUST CALL ME 'AMAN' ZONA!



OVER THE AIRPORT AT NEW ORLEANS, THE LITTLE SHIP NOSES DOWN -



YOU MAY AS WELL HAVE THE LOAN OF MY TOP COAT UNTIL YOU GET HOME, ZONA - I CAN CALL FOR IT SOMETIME SOON - OR - MAY I?

CERTAINLY AMAN! THANKS!



AND IN THE AIRPORT OFFICE - AMAN PHONES THE LOCAL FEDERAL BUREAU -

YES - AND YOU'D BETTER HAVE A HEAVY GUARD TO TAKE IT TO THE BANK - I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THE PRISONERS ARE, LATER!



WELL, GOODBYE, AND THANKS A MILLION - YOU WERE WONDERFUL! CALL ME SOON - PALMETTO 6-157 -

OKAY PAL - SO LONG!



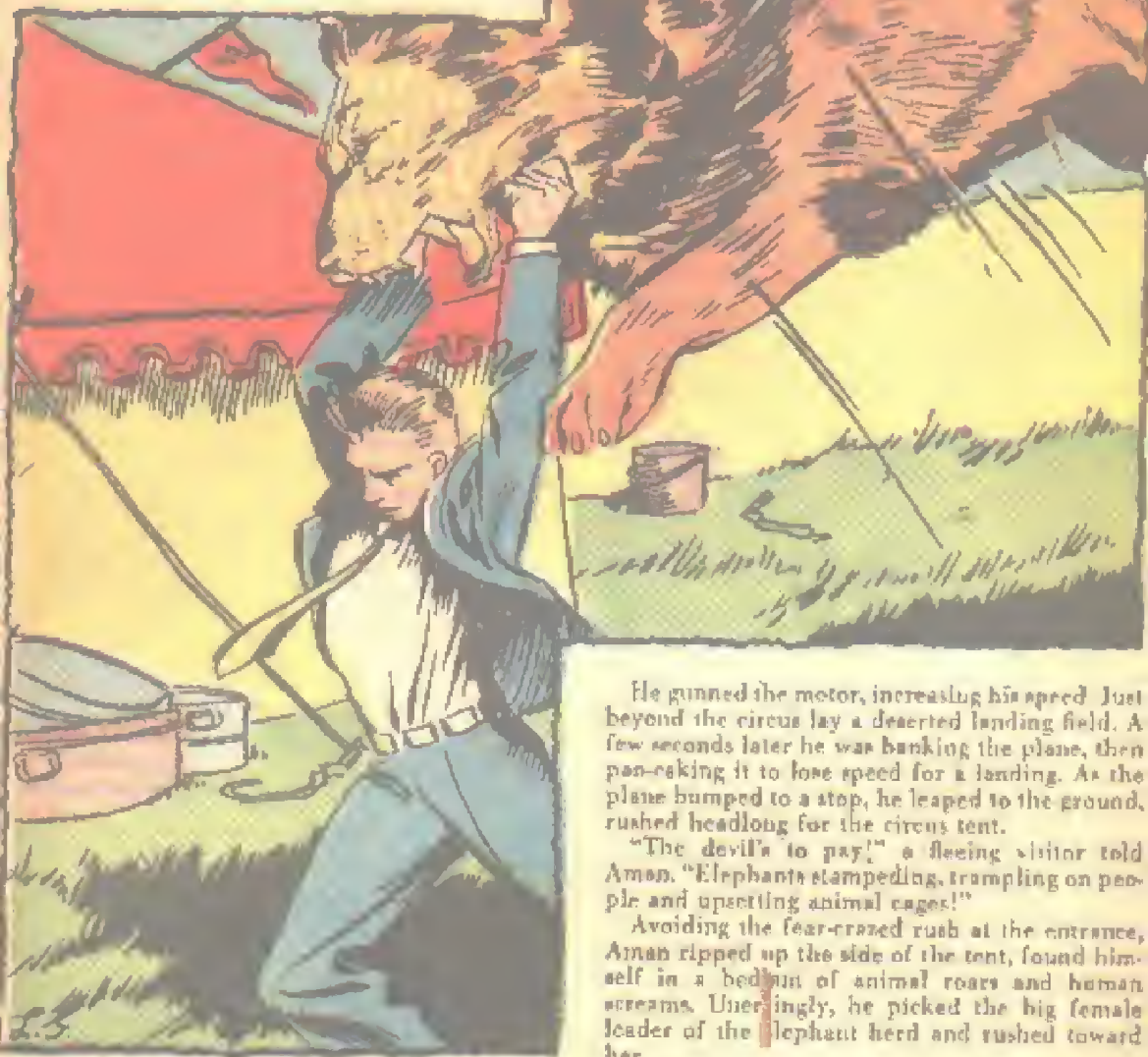
MEANWHILE, IN HIS LABORATORY IN TIBET, THE GREAT QUESTION WATCHES THE ACTION IN HIS SUPER-TELEVISION SET -

VERY COZY! - BUT JUST WAIT AMAN - AND YOU TOO, ZONA HENDERSON - I HAVE PLANS FOR YOU!



WATCH FOR THE GREAT QUESTION'S EVIL PLAN IN THE NEXT AMAZING-MOJO COMIC!

THREE-RING DEATH



By Duke Carey

Three-fifteen! The plane was plummeting westward with Aman, the Amazing-Man, at the controls. Aman had an appointment with a peace officer on the West Coast. He was anxious to begin that adventure, bored with the plane trip.

He was bored—until down ahead of him he spied excited figures hurrying out in all directions from a circus tent at the edge of a small village. Trouble!

He gunned the motor, increasing his speed. Just beyond the circus lay a deserted landing field. A few seconds later he was banking the plane, then pan-icking it to lose speed for a landing. As the plane bumped to a stop, he leaped to the ground, rushed headlong for the circus tent.

"The devil's to pay!" a fleeing visitor told Aman. "Elephants stampeding, trampling on people and upsetting animal cages!"

Avoiding the fear-crazed rush at the entrance, Aman ripped up the side of the tent, found himself in a bedlam of animal roars and human screams. Uneringly, he picked the big female leader of the elephant herd and rushed toward her.

He met the wildly trumpeting beast head-on, caught her flailing trunk in his steel-strong hands. Never had his famed super-strength been used to better advantage!

"Kneel!" Aman cried, and put all his mighty strength into a violent twist of the gigantic trunk. The elephant knew she had met her master. She obediently fell to her knees and the other beasts followed their leader's action.

In an instant the trainer and his helpers were leading the subdued herd back to their tethering stakes. Then a cry broke out from a dozen throats, "Lions!"

Proving That Men Do Not Always See Where They Are Looking

Aman went over and examined the pistol target, then slipped over it, and came back to the police. "Arrest Bill Henniker for murder," he told them.

Henniker's brutal face flushed an angry red, and Aman saw his hand dart beneath his left armpit. Aman's next act was as swift as light. Henniker suddenly struck the ground. Aman stooped him.

"What's all this about?" the police chief asked Aman.

"Henniker evidently wanted to bankrupt this circus with damage suits so he could get control away from his partner," Aman explained as he extracted Henniker's pistol from its holster. No matter where it shows, a circus layout is always the same. Henniker broke this man's glasses on purpose, then had a pair ground for him that would focus his eyes six feet to the right."

"You're a liar!" Henniker burst out, tugging to get free.

"And," Aman continued, "if you'll notice, the leader of the elephant herd is tethered where that bullet couldn't miss her if the marksman shot where he sighted with his new glasses."

As Aman started back to his plane he heard Henniker confessing his guilt to the officers. People were staring at the departing aviator with awe in their eyes. Suddenly the marksman ran after Aman and caught his arm.

"Who are you?" he asked. "I want to know, to thank you for saving me from being branded a murderer."

"Some folks call me the Amazing-Man," Aman said, and walked on toward the field. It was just three-twenty-two. In exactly seven minutes, Aman had saved several lives, and helped to make right triumph over evil.

The End



Aman wheeled and leaped toward the sound. A lion cage had been overturned and the door wrenched open. A great maned lion had escaped and was roaring defiance to his human captors.

Aman spread his feet and shot through the air toward the big cat. The impact of his body knocked the lion to the ground and with dizzying speed Aman grabbed the howling neck, stood up and dashed the lion to the ground. The lion lay still.

Then the mate to the vanquished male lion slithered from the opening and sprang at Aman. He met the charge in mid-air and with the strength of twenty men forced her back into the opening, yanked the door shut.

His amazing feat stilled the fear of the crowd. In a moment the officers among the crowd had restored order and the dead and wounded left by the crazed elephants were being carried out.

"I'm Bill Henniker, a partner in this show, and I want that man arrested," a big, swarthy man cried out to the officers. Aman looked at the speaker, saw that he was pointing at a frightened man with a target pistol in his hand.

"Why?" Aman shot the question before the police could respond.

"Because," Henniker said, "He deliberately missed the target in his pistol act and shot the leader of the elephant herd, starting that stampede. The elephant was six feet to the right of the target. He couldn't miss that far."

Aman's keen eyes darted to the marksman, saw that he wore thick glasses. "Did you do this?" he asked simply.

"No, no!" the marksman cried. "I'm no murderer!"

Then Aman noticed something else. The trick pistol-shooter wasn't looking him in the eye, but to a point away over to his right. "How long have you worn those particular glasses?" he asked.

"Just today. Henniker, there, broke my old ones accidentally last night and offered to get me a new pair ground just like them before my act today."

No. 12

MAY
10[¢]

AMAZING-MAN COMICS

THE SHARK
MINIMIDGET
CHUCK HARDY
ETERNAL MAN



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"AMAN"-THE AMAZING- MAN



A Major River Scan

BY
A.L. KIRBY AND

Sam Decker

ZONA HANDERSON, ACE GIRL CRIME INVESTIGATOR, HAS JOINED HANDS WITH THE AMAZING-MAN IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME! HER LOYALTY AND COURAGE ARE NOW ADDED TO AMAN'S AMAZING STRENGTH AND STAMINA!... AS THE STORY BEGINS WE FIND AMAN IN A BINK TALKING TO ONE OF THE OFFICIALS THE OFFICIAL IS SERIOUS, AMAN IS STANDING, READY TO LEAVE

THE PIRATE TREASURE YOU RECOVERED FROM THOSE KILLERS IS WORTH MILLIONS, MR. AMAN! I'M---AH---SURE SOME KIND OF REWARD WOULD BE ALLOWED YOU!

I HAVE AMPLE FUNDS AVAILABLE IN EVERY LARGE CITY IN AMERICA, SIR! I TAKE NO PAY OR REWARDS FOR FIGHTING CRIME!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

MAY I SEE YOU THIS AFTERNOON ZONA? I LIKED THE WAY YOU WORKED WITH ME ON THE LAST CASE ... OH, YOU'LL MEET ME HERE, RIGHT AWAY? SWELL!



STILL LATER, ON THE STREET

GLAD THEY DIDN'T GET MY PICTURE. ZONA SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW!!!



SUDDENLY A HAGGARD MAN WALKS OVER AND GIVES AMAN A NOTE!

YOU'RE MR. AMAN, AIN'T YA?



THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO WILL BE DESTROYED IN TWO DAYS IF...



OH-HH!



AMAN LOOKS UP STARTLED, SEVERAL FEET AWAY THE MESSENGER THROWS UP HIS HANDS AND FALLS DEAD!

THEY'VE KILLED THAT MAN!



REHOUSE

I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THAT ONE GO!



AMAN CORNERS TWO OF THE KILLERS, ONE GETS AWAY!

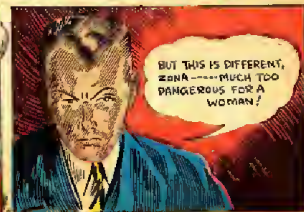
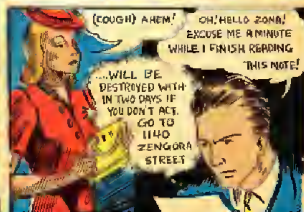
ALL RIGHT RAT YOU ASKED FOR IT!

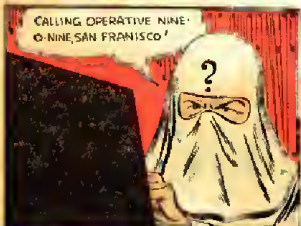


AMAN SPRINGS FORWARD

YOU WANT BE USING THIS ANYMORE!!









THE STORM BREAKS WITH
ALL ITS FURY!!!

THE TAIL OF THIS PLANE TOO HEAVY
AND I CAN'T CONTROL IT!

AMAN! IT'S ME!
ZONA!

ZONA! WHAT IN THE WORLD
ARE YOU DOING HERE,
WHY YOU LITTLE STOW-
AWAY, I'VE GOT A GOOD
MIND TO

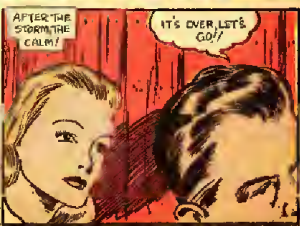
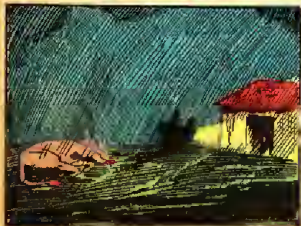
PLEASE DON'T BE
ANGRY, PAL, I ONLY
WANTED TO HELP
YOU!!

A STORM NO PLANE COULD FIGHT!

LOOK, ZONA! A FIELD
WE'VE GOT TO
CHANCE IT!

WITH AMAZING SKILL
AMAN LANDS THE
PLANE!

THIS PLANE MIGHT DRAW
LIGHTNING, I SAW A
SHED OVER THERE—
COME ON!



HOURS LATER...THE SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT



PUT THE PLANE IN A HANGAR AND GUARD IT UNTIL I COME FOR IT

AYE, AYE, SIR!



WHERE TO NOW, PAL?

NEVER MIND WHERE I'M GOING, I'M LEAVING YOU AT A HOTEL



TELEPHONE

WHERE TO, SIR?

TO THE BIG VIEW HOTEL, PLEASE!



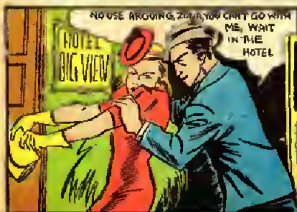
THE MYSTERY GUY JUST LANDED BOSS AND HE'S GOT A SWELL DAME WID HIM! YEA!



O.K. WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM, KEEP AN EYE ON THE GIRL, WE MAY NEED HER



NO USE ARGUING, ZOLA, YOU CAN'T GO WITH ME. WAIT IN THE HOTEL



YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU BIG BULLY!

HOTEL-BIG V

